McARONI BALLADS

T. A. DALY

Faithfully Yours
Fabre

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McARONI BALLADS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

CARMINA
CANZONI
MADRIGALI
SONGS OF WEDLOCK

McARONI BALLADS

AND

OTHER VERSES

BY

T. A. DALY

Frontispiece by
HERBERT PULLINGER

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1919

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THE QUINN & BODEN COMPANY
RAHWAY N J

To

THE MEMORY OF
JOYCE KILMER

ARGUMENT

MY title has a foreign look;
The sort of Latin label
One might expect upon a book
Devoted to the table.
Yet "Macaroni" 's come to be
A word of many meanings,
(One Noah Webster, LL.D.,
Explains its Yankee leanings)
And some of these, I think, will fit
The facts and personages
My puny pipings cause to flit
Among these printed pages.

If, still, you deem my plain intent
Too delicately subtle,
I've yet another argument
To offer in rebuttal:
Since these my verses scarce may claim
Much share of fame or boodle,
But merely aim to laud the name
Of Mr. Yankee Doodle,
May I—whose Pegasus, mayhap,
Like his, is but a pony—
Not stick a feather in my cap
And call it
McAroni?

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McARONI BALLADS

FOR GOODNESS' SAK'!

"FOR goodness' sak'!" She say to me—
Dees girl, dees Angela Mari'
Dat soon my wife ees gona be—
"Bayfore I go for leeve weeth you,
You gotta habit, you mus' br'ak;
Dees swearin' talk eet weell not do,
For goodness' sak'!"

"For goodness' sak'! eet's mak' me sad,"
She say, "for hear you speak so bad."
An' I say, "Wal, w'en I am mad,
I feel eef I no swear a few
Dat som'theeng sure ees gotta br'ak;
So w'at da deuce I gona do,
For goodness' sak'?"

"'For goodness' sak'!' dat's joosta w'at
You oughta say w'en you are hot!"
She say; "So promise you weell not
Mak' swear words now for seexa week,
Or you can tak' your presents back!
Here's strongest langwadge you must speak:
'For goodness' sak'!'"

For goodness' sak' I'm tonga-tied,
So dat she weell be satisfied,
Dees girl dat gona be my bride;
But you, you guys dat know me—Wal!
I hope dat you weell not meestak'
What I am theenkin' w'en I yal:
"For goodness' sak'!"

THE SECOND COMING

(A Lincoln's Birthday fancy, 1917)

CLUTCHING their bosomed wealth, they made their cry:
"Oh, that our Lincoln's strong, unbending frame
Might loom against this wild, war-crimsoned sky!" . . .
And Lincoln came.

He was as when he lived, the quaint and queer
Rough casket of the living heart of gold.
"And these," he thought, "save they no longer sneer,
Are as of old."

But they, with lifted faces all aflame,
Beheld their hopes new blossoming and cried:
"We have no leaders worthy of the name;
Be thou our guide!"

He bent on them his cryptic smile once more;
He gave them timely truth in rough-hewn jests
And laid accusing finger on the sore
In their own breasts.

And all his words Pride's ancient armor found,
And all his words rebuilt dismantled years,
For lo! the faces circling him around
Grew dark with sneers.

DA FINE ITALIAN HAND

JOE GESSAPALENA can't write hees own name,
But he can write othra theengs, justa da same;
An' mebbe you, too,
Bayfore he ees through,
Weell read w'at he's wrote an' be glad dat he came.

You see, eet ees verra good theeng for dees Joe
He com' to dees countra so long time ago,
Bayfore dey baygeen dese new eemigrant laws
Dat mak' you know readin' an' writin', baycause
Da 'Merican story he's makin' to-day
Ees justa wrote down een a deefferent way.
Eh? Pleassa, my frand, I'll esplain, eef you wait!
You evva been up een Conne'tica State
An' see dose ole farms dat's so full weetha stone

Dat mos' evra farmer ees leavin' alone,
Baycause dey ain't fit for nobody to own?
Wal, Joe he ees buy wan o' dem lasta year
An' now he ees doin' som' writin' up dere;
An' even hees firsta year's work was so good
He sure ees da talk for da whole neighborhood!
You no ondrastand? O! my frand, you are slow!
Wal, he weell esplain eet. So speaka dees Joe:
"I write weeth no pen, but I taka my hoe
An' I use eet so wal weeth my stronga right han'
Dat I write, een Italian, all over dees lan'
All da treecks I have learned, all da theengs dat I know
Dat weell charma da plants an' jus' maka dem grow!
But—O! here now ees com' da mos' wondraful theeng!—
Dough I write on my fields een Italian een spreeng,
You can read, een da summer, all over my lan'

Soocha message da harvest speaks, plain 'Merican,
Even dose dat mak' laws mebbe might ondrastan'!"

Joe Gessapalena can't write hees own name,
But he can write othra theengs, justa da same;
An' mebbe you, too,
Bayfore he ees through,
Weell read w'at he's wrote an' be glad dat he came.

FLAG O' MY LAND

UP to the breeze of the morning I fling you,
Blending your folds with the dawn in the sky;
There let the people behold you, and bring you
Love and devotion that never shall die.
Proudly, agaze at your glory, I stand,
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Standard most glorious! banner of beauty!
Whither you beckon me there will I go,
Only to you, after God, is my duty;
Unto no other allegiance I owe.
Heart of me, soul of me, yours to command,
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Pine to palmetto and ocean to ocean,
Though of strange nations we get our increase,
Here are your worshipers one in devotion,
Whether the bugles blow battle or peace.

Take us and make us your patriot band,
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Now to the breeze of the morning I give you
Ah! but the days when the staff will be bare!
Teach us to see you and love you and live you
When the light fades and your folds are not there.
Dwell in the hearts that are yours to command,
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

DA FLUTE EEN SPREENG

DERE was a time w'en I could shoot
Profess' Agrandinallo,
For dat he played upon da flute
All nighta long hees "toot! toot! toot!"
An' made a seeckness een my head
W'en I was layin' een my bed.
O! manny, manny time I swore
W'en he was livin' nexta door—
Dat crazy music-fallow!

Wan day een March, wan happy day,
Profess' Agrandinallo
He took hees theengs an' moved away
Where I no more could hear heem play.
Ah! den da nights was full with sleep,
So beautiful, so long an' deep!
An' I was glad dat nevva more
I gona hear heem nexta door—
Dat crazy music-fallow!

But, ah! my frand, I deed not feel
How mooch, how mooch I meesed heem,
How dear hees music was, onteell
Las' night beside my weendow-seell,
From som'where far off down da street,
I heard hees flute so soft an' sweet!
O! my, eet made my heart so glad
Dat was so lonely an' so sad
I justa coulda keesed heem!

ON A MARCH MORNING

THERE'S a tulip in this air
Last night never knew;
Strange, faint perfume's everywhere.
'Round the dawn's gates, too,
Cloudy curtains stir, and lo!
Rosy-flushed are they,
Trembling with the joy to know
God has passed this way.

MARCHA-MONTH

HERE ees com' da time of year
Best of all!
Lika trumpet een my ear
Ees eets call.
Lika trumpet far away
First I hear eet yestaday
W'en a weend dat's sailed da sea
Com' along dees street to me
And eet touch my hair an' say:
"I am here!"

Now ees com' da time of year
I should seeng;
Far Italian scenes so near
Eet can breeng.
Home, een March-month, I could go
Where ees steell da mountain snow
Findin' on da sunny side
Of som' feeg-tree, where dey hide,
Violets dat cry: "Hallo!
We are here!"

Here ees com' dat time of year;
But no note
Of da song dat once was dear
Feells my throat.
Ah! eef only now, to-day,
She dat's verra far away—
Farther dan Italian shore—
Comin' weeth da Spreeng once more,
Joost could touch my hand an' say:
"I am here!"

A *TITANIC* MOTHER

OCH! 'tis come again, April, the same fine air
Breathin' in from the sea—
An' the lad inunder it still, somewhere,
That was born o' me—
Let them wag their heads, for 'tis little I care
What they do be sayin', that think me quare—
An' why wouldn't I be?

O! my grief that my flesh that was his flesh, too,
Should withhold me from him!
But I know what my soul, when it's free, will do.
It will dive an' swim
To the cold sea-caves where I'll find my Hugh—
Where the quality lies all one with the crew—
And I'll comfort him.

Sure, I'd know him twenty times twelve months dead,
For he's bone o' my bone—
An' what way would my soul be comforted
In God's heaven alone?—
He will lie with his right arm under his head,
But there's never another could find his bed
But his mother—his own.

An' why wouldn't I hear him call from the deep
On this April morn?
Sure, I've felt his call, and myself asleep
An' himself unborn!
An' they do be sayin' that quare things creep
From the depths o' the sea when the spring tides leap
Of an April morn.

SO GLAD FOR SPREENG

EEF som'body com' to-day
To dees fruita-stan' an' say:
"Wa't? Banana two for fi'?
Seems to me dat's verra high!"
I would look up een da sky
Where da sun ees shine so bright,
An' da clouds so sof' an' white
Sail like boats I use' to see
Een da bay at Napoli;
An' so softa theeng I am,
I would notta care a dam
Eef da customer should be
Sly enough for taka three!
Eef like dat you com' to-day
Mebbe so I justa say:
"See da Tony McAroni!
He ees verra lazy thing,
W'at da deuce he care for money?
Here ees com' da spreeng!"

Eef to-day I had a wife
An' she say: "My love! my life!

I mus' have fi'-dollar note
For da new spreeng hat an' coat,"
Theenk I gona grab her throat,
Bang her head agains' da wall?
Eh! To-day? Oh, not at all!
She would look so pretta dere
Weeth da sunshine on her hair,
I would look at her, an' den
I would tal her: "Taka ten!"
Eef I had a wife to-day
I am sure dat I would say:
"All right, Mrs. McAroni,
I am verra softa theeng.
W'at de deuce I care for money?
Here ees com' da spreeng!"

GOOD FRIDAY—1917

THE die is cast for war!
So be it then!
And in the deep heart's core
Of earnest men
An augury of good
For human brotherhood
Through spilth of guiltless blood
Is born again.

With honor, scorning loss,
Or blame or praise,
The nation lifts its cross
This day of days;
And under war-lit skies,
Unto His patient eyes
It dares, all reverent-wise,
Its own to raise.

The storm-wrack blots the sun.
So be it then!
For God, when all is done,
Shall reign again.

From all that horror dreamed,
From good that evil seemed
Shall rise a world redeemed!
Amen! Amen!

APRIL

HERE comes April! filmy-fair,
Green of cap and kirtle,
Silver dew-drops in her hair
And a sprig of myrtle.

Here comes April up the land,
Irish as Killarney,
Subject to no man's command,
Proof against his blarney.

Smiles or tears she wears at will;
Often she's "desateful,"
But what gifts she's pleased to spill
Take them and be grateful!

No directing mortal hands
Touch this quaint equation;
She is Irish, and demands
Self-determination.

RAVIOLI

SIGNOR DEL VECCHIO, dees ees for you,
Also your partner, Signor Magazzu.
Nevva bayfore have I soocha dalight,
Nevva sooch fina good eatin' has been
Stucka so playnta eensida my skeen
Like een your restaurant Saturday night!

Dere was som' seelly old Irishman dere,
Fat an' so beeg lika frog een hees chair,
Stuffin' hees stummick weeth soup an' weeth bread,
Teell you gon' theenk he would bust an' be dead.
No, but he don't; he ees steell on da job,
Eatin' da feesh an' da—how-you-call?—"squab."
Porco! Dat's only kind food he can see;
Geeve heem hees skeenaful—so, lat heem be—
But, "Ravioli"! Ah! dat's for me!

Paste for da noodle rolled out teell eet's
theen,
Fine tendra cheecken cut up to put een;
Put dem togethra—so, presto!—an' mak'
Beautiful, reech leetla cracker or cak'.
Den you weell cook for da sauce upon dese
Mushroom, tomat' an' da fine Roma cheese.
Breeng dem to table so hot as can be;
Breeng dem more playnta, more playnta!
Oh, gee!
Dat's "Ravioli" an' dats'a for me!

Signor del Vecchio, healtha for you!
Also your partner, Signor Magazzu.
Nevva bayfore have I soocha dalight,
Nevva sooch beautiful eatin' has been
Stucka so playnta eensida my skeen
Like een your restaurant Saturday night!

THE CONSTANT POET

ONCE more, my muse, 'tis time to be invoking
The offices of good St. Valentine.
This year 'tis Phyllis' name that I am yoking
In verse with mine.

Last year it was a ballad to Miranda,
The year before a triolet to Dot.
No doubt I seem a fickle goose—or gander—
But I am not.

I hesitate to contemplate the number
Of female names I've fashioned to my rhyme,
Whene'er I rouse my weary muse from slumber
About this time.

I've breathed my love for Dolly, Grace and Cora;
In other years I've run to Nell and Belle.
How many times I've yearned for Bess and Dora
I cannot tell.

Now in the charms of Phyllis I am basking,
And all the love I bear her must be told.
For if it's not, my Mary will be asking
If I've grown cold.

The secret's out! The name's imaginary;
I never knew a "Phyllis" in my life.
All names are merely pseudonyms for "Mary,"
And she's my wife.

G. SCALABRARTA, FINANCIER

GIUSEPPE SCALABRART'
He's gotta huckster-cart
Dat he ees push aroun'
Da streets een deesa town,
Wherevra dere's enough
To buy hees fruit an' stuff.
But wan day een hees cart
Dees fallow Scalabrart'
Ees carry, for a change,
A load dat's verra strange.

Here ees da way of eet:
Dere's lady een wan street
Dat owe heem seexty cent,
An' act so like she meant
She nevva gona pay;
An' she's gon' move away,
For on da house wan day
He see a sign dat say:
"Dees Property For Sell."
Giuseppe reeng da bell,

An' w'en she com' he say:
"My seexty cent; you pay
Eef mebbe so I find
Som'body dat'sa mind
For buy da house from you?"
She laugh an', "Eef you do,"
She say, "an' I can gat
My price—four thousan' flat—
I pay your beell on sight."
Giuseppe say: "All right."

Eet's nexta morna w'en
He reeng da bell agen;
Da lady com' an' say:
"I want no fruit to-day."
But he say: "Waita, pleass!
Dese fruits no grow on trees;
Com', lady, looka dese!"
Den een hees cart he shows—
Now, w'at you gon' su'pose?—
Een undra pile of rags
Ees old teen cans an' bags,
An' dere ees som' of dese
Dat's full weeth ten-cent piece;

An' some weeth neeckels, too,
An' pennies; an' a few
Weeth feefty, twanty-fi',
An' som' got notes so high
As fi', ten-dollar beell!
He say: " Now, eef you weell,
Pleas', lady, be so kind
To count all dese, you'll find
Four thousan' dollar here—
No, notta quite, but near—
You see, I hate like hal
For losin' w'at you owe,
Dat seexty cent, you know,
And so I theenk eet wal
For buy da house mysal'."

BALLADE OF THE TEMPTING BOOK

SOMETIMES when I sit down at night
And try to think of something new,
Some odd conceit that I may write
And work into a verse or two,
There often dawns upon my view,
The while my feeble thoughts I nurse,
A little book in gold and blue—
"The Oxford Book of English Verse."

And though I try, in wild affright
At thought of all I have to do,
To keep that volume out of sight,
If I so much as look askew
I catch it playing peek-a-boo.
Then work may go to—pot, or worse!
I'm giving up the evening to
"The Oxford Book of English Verse."

O! some for essays recondite,
And some for frothy fiction sue,
But give to me for my delight
One tuneful tome to ramble through;

To hear the first quaint "Sing Cuccu!"
And all those noble songs rehearse
Whose deathless melodies imbue
"The Oxford Book of English Verse."

L'Envoi

Kind Reader, here's a tip for you:
Go buy, though skinny be your purse
And other books of yours be few,
"The Oxford Book of English Verse."

DA WHEESTLIN' BARBER

LAS' night you hear da op'ra?
  Eef you was uppa stair
An' eef you know Moralli
  You mebbe saw heem dere.
Moralli? He's a barber,
  But verra bright an' smart,
An' crazy for da op'ra;
  He knows dem all by heart.
He's alla tima wheestlin',
  An' often you can find
Jus' from da tune he wheestles
  W'at thoughts ees een hees mind.
Eef you would ask a question,
  Da answer you would gat
Ees notheeng but som' music—
  Ha! w'at you theenk of dat?

Las' week hees wife, Lucia—
  Fine woman, too, is she—
She gave to heem som' babies,
  Not only wan, but three!

Eef to your shop som' neighbors
  Should breeng sooch news to you
Eet sure would jus' excite you
  To say a word or two;
But deesa Joe Moralli,
  Dees music-crazy loon,
He never stopped hees wheestlin'—
  But justa changed hees tune.
Dees answer from hees music
  Was all dat dey could gat:
"Trio from 'Trovatore.'"
  Ha! w'at you theenk of dat?

He nevva stopped hees wheestlin'
  Dat "Trovatore" tune,
Not even w'en he's dreenkin'
  Weeth frands een da saloon.
He wheestled eet dat evenin'
  W'en home he went to see
Hees granda wife, Lucia,
  An' leetla babies three.
But w'en he stood bayfore dem
  He was so full weeth dreenk,
He looked upon dose babies
  An' wheestle—W'at you theenk?

O! den da tune he wheestled
Was—how-you-call-eet?—"pat:"
"Sextetta from Lucia."
Ha! w'at you theenk of dat?

A LITTLE KERRY SONG

THERE'S grand big girls that walks the earth,
An' some that's gone to glory,
That have been praised beyond their worth
To live in song and story.
O! one may have the classic face
That poets love to honor,
An' still another wear the grace
O' Venus' self upon her;
Some tall an' stately queens may be,
An' some be big an' merry—
Och! take them all, but leave for me
One little girl from Kerry!

Sure, Kerry is a little place,
An' everything's in keepin':
The biggest heroes of the race
In little graves are sleepin';
An' little cows give little crame,
Fur little fairies take it;
An' little girls think little shame
To take a heart an' break it.

Och! here's a little Kerry lad
That would be O! so merry,
If but your little heart he had,
O! little girl from Kerry!

DA VERRA LEETLA BABY

IRISH Padre Tommeeckbride
Laughed an' laughed onteell he cried.
Always he ees do dat way
At mos' evra theeng I say.
Ees no matter w'at I spoke,
He would tak' eet for a joke;
Eet's a shame to tease a man
W'en he do da best he can!

Now, for eenstance, yestaday
Dere's a chrees'nin' down our way;
Eet's a baby call' "Carlott'"
Dat my cousin Rosa's got.
O! so small, jus' two weeks old—
Een wan handa you could hold!
Wal, I am da wan dat stand
For dees leetla child, my frand—
How you call een deesa land?
"Godda-father?" Yes, dat's me!
Wal, w'en all ees done, you see,
An' da child ees bapatize',
Padre Tommeeckbride, he cries:

"Evrabody com' dees way.
We must write eet down," he say.

While he's writin' een da book,
From my pocket here I took
Twenta-fi'-cent piece, my frand,
An' I put eet een hees hand.
"Thanks!" he say, an' smiles at me.
Den Bianca Baldi, she—
While da padre looks at eet—
Wheespers: "Dat's a leetle beet!"
"Sure," I tal her, "dat'sa true,
But da baby's leetla, too."

Irish Padre Tommeckbride
Laughed an' laughed onteell he cried.
Always he ees do dat way
At mos' evratheeng I say;
Eet's a shame to tease a man
W'en he do da best he can!

A VALENTINE

THERE was a time, when we were young together
And all the thorns of life were yet to seek,
This day brought roses, in the wintriest weather,
To burn your cheek.

Oh, not alone the wanton winds that sought you
Were wont your lilies to incarnadine;
Your roses deepened when the postman brought you
My valentine.

The words I wrote, my still fond breast remembers,
Were leaping tongues from out a heart of fire;
They breathed, nor have they lost in graying embers
Young love's desire!

But now, my dear, this fervent song I sing you
Has holier designs on heaven's wealth;
I pray this little valentine may bring you
The rose of health.

LEETLA GIUSEPPINA

JOE BARATTA'S Giuseppina
She's so cute as she can be;
Justa com' here from Messina,
Weeth da resta family.
Joe had money in da banka—
He been savin' for a year—
An' he breeng hees wife, Bianca,
An' da three small children here.
First ees baby, Catarina,
Nexta Paolo (w'at you call
Een da Inglaice langwadge "Paul"),
An' da smartest wan of all—
Giuseppina!

Giuseppina justa seven,
But so smart as she can be;
Wida-wake at night-time even,
Dere's so mooch dat's strange to see.
W'at you theenk ees mos' surprise her?
No; ees not da buildin's tall;
Eef, my frand, you would be wisa
You mus' theenk of som'theeng small.

Eet's an ant! W'en first she seena
Wan o' dem upon da ground,
How she laughed an' danced around:
"O! 'Formica,' he has found
Giuseppina!"

"O!" she cried to heem, "Formica"
(Dat's Italian name for heem),
"How you gatta here so queecka?
For I know you no can sweem;
An' you was not on da sheepa,
For I deed not see you dere.
How you evva mak' da treepa?
Only birds can fly een air.
How you gat here from Messina?
O! at las' I ondrastand!
You have dugga through da land
Jus' to find your leetla frand,
Giuseppina!"

BALLADE OF THE STRANGE WORD

(See Webster's Unabridged)

THESE warm spring days
When skies are blue
I yearn for ways
My youth once knew;
When cares were few
And never great,
I'd nothing do
But "apricate."

To-day my gaze
Meandering through
What Webster says—
How language grew!—
Chance brought to view
That word ornate.
Don't "fuss" or "stew,"
But "apricate."

Small good life pays
To me or you,
When worry sways
The health askew.

To reimbue
With "pep" our state,
We shouldn't "rue,"
But "apricate."

L'Envoi

Ye gods! we sue,
From morn till late:
Let's nothing do
But "apricate."

CHERRY PIE

O CHERRY pie! A song for thee!
Let not the crusts close-wedded be,
But puffed and flaky, plumped with meat,
And all the red heart dripping sweet
With luscious oozings syrupy.

Ah! that's the cherry pie for me!
I'll want two "helpin's;" maybe three—
Who ever got enough to eat
O' cherry pie?

What odds if in our dreams we see
Nightmares and goblins? We'll agree,
Though Pain usurp Joy's earlier seat,
No collywobs can quite defeat
The gustatory pleasures we
Owe cherry pie.

EEN COURT

I WAS een court wan day las' week,
An' eet was strange to me.
I like eet not; steell, I would speak
Of som'theeng dere I see.
To you, dat know da court so wal,
I s'pose eet's notheeng new,
But you are kind, so lat me tal
Dees leetla theeng to you:

Da "Judge"—I theenk dey call heem so—
Da bossa for da place,
He's fine, beeg, han'som' man, an' O!
Sooch kindness een da face.
Wal, soon dey breeng a pris'ner dere,
A leetla boy; so small
Dat teell dey stand heem on a chair
I did not see at all!
Poor leetla keed, I s'pose he might
Be tan year old or less;
I nevva see sooch sorry sight,
Sooch peecture of deestress.

"Dees ees a verra badda child,"
Ees say da bigga cop
Dat hold hees arm; "he's runna wild,
An' so I tak' heem up."
You theenk so smalla keed like dat
Would cry, for be so scare';
But no, he tweest hees ragged hat
An' justa nevva care.
Den speaks da Judge, an' O! so sweet,
Like music ees hees voice.
He tals heem how da ceety street
Ees notta place for boys.
At first da boy looks roun' da place,
So like he nevva heard,
But soon he watch da Judge's face
An' dreenks een evra word.
"My child, would you not like to go
Where dere ees always food,
A gooda home, where you may grow
For be da man you should?"
Da boy mak's swallers een hees throat
As eef he try to speak,
But no wan near could hear a note,
Hees voice eet was so weak.

"Eh? W'at was dat?" da Judge he said.
"W'at deed you say, my dear?"
An' den he leaned hees han'som' head
Down close to heem to hear.
I s'pose da boy's so strange, so wild,
He deed not ondrastand;
He only knew dat Judge so mild
Was sure to be hees frand.
An' so hees skeenny arms reached out—
He deed not try to speak—
But, leeftin' up hees leetla mout'
He keessed heem on da cheek!

O! hal, my frand, don't be ashame'
For w'at ees een your eye!
Weeth me, weeth all, eet was da same,
We could not halp but cry;
Not tears for dat we was so sad,
But for da joy to find
A leetla boy dat was so glad,
A man dat was so kind!

THE MARINE

IN assorted shades of green
You have painted The Marine,
And a deal of yarns about him you've been spinning;
He has much to say to *you*
Of his red and white and blue,
So he'd like to have your ear and take his inning:

"Back of Freedom's earliest glimmer,
When the night was never dimmer,
And before the light of hope upon the mountain top was shed,
There were men whose steel flashed splendid
When the long black night was ended
And the sun looked in upon them 'round the Nation's trundle bed;
And in that electric air,
With the laurel in our hair,
We Colonial Marines, of the victor forces deans,
We were there!

When the ships of Jones and Barry
Sallied gayly forth to harry

And to take the proudest vaunters of the British
navy's might,
When that most belov'd commander
To the foe's demand "Surrender!"
Made his lion-hearted answer, "We have just
begun to fight!"
Who were first and most to dare
In the battle lantern's glare?
We, as landsmen or as tars, still the myrmidons
of Mars,
We were there!

In those sailing ships of wonder,
When, with taffrail seething under,
From the gun-decks came the thunder of a broad-
side dealing woe;
And with Perry, Hull—and later—
With the dashing young Decatur,
In the war wherein no waters saw our yielding
to the foe,
We were not denied our share
Of the battle joy so rare;
For the easing of our spleens, we amphibious
Marines,
We were there!

Out of iron ships were hollowed
In the leaping years that followed,
And they've changed the style of fighting, but they haven't changed the men;
Shall we, first of Yankee yeomen
To repel those ancient foemen,
Let an ocean stay our vengeance, if it failed to stay it then?
Nay, in France the ever fair
When Old Glory takes the air,
The ubiquitous Marine, as becomes the fighting dean,
Will be there!"

June, 1917

DA JOB DAT RAN AWAY

NOT evra Dagoman like me
Can find hees place een deesa lan'.
Som', sure, must disappointa be;
But worst of all you evva see
Ees Vinci, da Venetian.

You see, dees Vinci had a frand
Dat com' las' year to deesa land
An' gotta job out West, you know,
Dat suit heem verra wal; an' so
He sant hees folks back home wan day
A peecture posta-card dat say:
"Here's work for all, an' gooda pay!"
"Ah!" cries dees Vinci, w'en he see
Da posta-card, "dat's place for me."
An' just so queeck as eet could be
He tooka sheep an' cross da sea.
He deed not stop, he would not rest
Onteell he's een dat town out West.
But den—Oh, my, eet mak' you seeck
To hear da badda words he speak.

"Dat damma posta-card!" he cry,
"Eet was a lie! eet was a lie!
I nevva see a town so dry!"
Oh, sure, eet was a shame, my frand.
Eh? w'at? Oh, don't you ondrastand?
Dat peecture-card hees frand ees sand
Was wan dat showed da town w'en eet
Had playnta water een da street,
W'en floods was heavy lasta year—
Yes! Vinci ees a gondolier.

Not evra Dagoman like me
  Can find hees place een deesa lan'.
Som', sure, must disappointa be;
But worst of all you evva see
  Ees Vinci, da Venetian.

"THE MAN AT THE TURNPIKE BAR"

I WAS fifty-odd year on the Lancaster Pike,
  Takin' the toll, takin' the toll;
But it's never again I'll be doin' the like,
  Since we've lost the conthrol, lost the conthrol.
An' it's manny a thraveler usin' the road
  Will be glad o' their freedom; ye'd know be their laughter now.
But for all they're so free here's one heart wears a load,
  Wid no wish to go on, but to sit an' look afther now.

Oh, the wonders o' Beauty I caught wid me eye,
  Takin' the toll, takin' the toll!
For to stand like a king, wid the world sthreamin' by,
  Is a feast for the soul, food for the soul.

For there wasn't a day that I stood in that
place
But was blessed wid the grace of some
dacint girl's laughter, now,
Or the turn of a head or the gleam of a face,
That I'll often an' often be glad to look
afther now!

Never again will I stand, d'ye mind,
Takin' the toll, takin' the toll;
Ah! but the Beauty I've seen is still kind,
An' it's food for my soul, food for my soul.
Pick the two eyes from my head, if you will,
Faith, ye can't rob me o' fifty years' laugh-
ter, now;
No! nor of takin' my toll from them still,
All the dear roads that I sit an' look afther,
now!

AT A HALL-ROOM WINDOW

SHE lives in the Square below me there.
Ah! me, if she'd only love me.
But she walks abroad with her head in the air
Supremely oblivious of me.
Time was when the Square was queenly, too,
Ere Commerce, changing old orders,
Found a foothold here for the parvenu,
For shops, for us bachelor boarders.
The house of her fathers, square and brown,
Grand manse of the olden city,
Seems looking down on the tawdry town
With a mixture of scorn and pity.
This look of her house, austere, aloof,
Rests now on her high-bred features,
When she issues forth from beneath her roof
To walk among meaner creatures.
I sit at my window under the eaves
And yearn to be there beside her,
But a gulf between like the ocean heaves,
For never a gulf was wider.

She lives in the Square below me there—
  Ah! me, if she'd only love me!
She lives in the Square below me there,
  But moves in a circle above me.

TWO DAYS

OLD Mike Clancy went for a stroll,
An' warm an' clear was the sky,
But he came back home with clouds on his soul
An' a glint o' rain in his eye.

"Och! cold it is out there," sez he;
"The street's no place these days fur me;
Wid motors runnin' through the town
The way they're like to knock ye down,
Wid all the rush an' moidherin' noise,
The impudence of upstart boys.
An' girls, that walk as bold as brass,
An' l'ave small room fur ye to pass.
In twenty blocks, or mebbe more,
I saw no face I'd seen before,
Or care, indeed, to see agen!
W'at's come of all the dacent men,
The kindly friends, I use' to meet
In other days upon the street?
'Tis here at home's the place fur me;
Och! cold it is out there," sez he.

Old Mike Clancy went for a stroll,
An' cold an' gray was the sky,
But he came back home with warmth in his soul
An' a glint o' sun in his eye.

"O! sure, this day was fine," sez he,
"An' who d'ye think walked up to me?
A man I thought long dead—Tim Kane!
Och! didn't we talk, there in the rain,
The soft, kind rain we use' to know—
O! not so very long ago—
An' didn't we have a dale to say?
He's eighty-two years old come May—
An' I'm no more than sivinty-nine!
An' didn't he stan' there straight an' fine?
It done me good, the look in his eye,
An' how he laughed an' slapped his thigh;
'I'm good,' sez he, 'fur ten years, too!'
An' faith I do believe it's true.
A man's as old as he feels, d'ye see?—
O! sure, this day was fine," sez he.

DA FARMER

I DON'TA care eef all dees town
Turn upsi' down,
An' earth-quake com' along som' day
An' bust eet up. I gona 'way;
I won't be dere!
At last I gona turn my face
From evratheeng een deesa place.
I don'ta care.

I don'ta care for town nohow;
I'm farmer now!
I gotta house dat stan's alone,
Three leetla rooms—but all my own—
Wan bed, two chair,
Wan stove, two table an' wan wife.
So for dees town, you bat my life,
I don'ta care!

I don'ta care for ceety street;
Eet smals not sweet.

But now I know how mooch eet's worth
To own som' leetla cleana earth,
To own som' air
Dat's sweet as wine upon da breath—
Here even eef I starve to death,
I don'ta care!

TO A LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE

I WISH your eyes might always look
As big with love as now they seem.
It cannot be! Your picture-book,
Whose leaves we turned together, took
Away my dream.

It was the old man on that page
Who bore the hour-glass and scythe.
That rude reminder of old age!
With what a rush of inward rage
He made me writhe!

He stirred you, too, to frown and say:
"The ugly thing! And who is he?"
"That man, my dear," I said, "some day
Is going to come and steal away
Your heart from me."

"Oh, no!" you said. But it is true;
Unless in some way we contrive
To fill that old man's path with glue
And keep me forty-eight, and you
Forever five!

THE SEA-EAGLES OF COLUMBIA

Behind him lay the gray Azores;
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
—*From Joaquin Miller's "Columbus."*

COLUMBIA'S eagles of the sea
Arose and took the trackless main;
They were the first, and they were three—
As were the caravels of Spain.
Before them lay the gray Azores,
Before them night, nor glint of dawn,
But through the gloom that veiled those shores
They still sailed on, and on, and on!

The spirit of the Genoese,
Be sure, was burning in each breast
In flight across those chartless seas
Where first his galleons braved the west.
From out that west now grown so great
His eagles winged into the dawn,
And, matching his disdain of fate,
With courage high, sailed on and on!

What joy, what thrill was theirs, to be
  The first through that vast void to fly,
And, poised above the central sea,
  Meet morning coming up the sky!
Still toward the sun those eagles flew;
  Two, faltering in the fog, were gone!
But one, through mists and rifts of blue,
  With dauntless faith sailed on and on.

A speck on ocean's rim appears!
  It grows! It glistens in the sun.
The happy eagle swoops and veers
  Along the shore. The goal is won!

. . . . . .

O great and valiant Genoese!
  Thy sons inherit thee! 'Tis done!
They, too, across thy trackless seas
  Have borne thy slogan: "Sail! sail on!"

DA QUEENA BEE

MEESTER, eef you nevva see
Housa full weeth busy bee,
Leetla workers an' deir queen,
I would like for takin' you
Where I eentroduce you to
Giacobini's Pasqualin'.

She ees weedow, Pasqualin';
W'en dees fallow Giacobin'
Dies an' leaves her lasta fall,
He ain't leave mooch else at all;
Justa leetla baker-store
An' seex babies—notheeng more!
All are girls, dese babies, too;
W'at da deuce she gona do?

Wait, my frand, an' you weell know,
An' I bat you you could go
Manny mile bayfore you see
Soocha house for eendustry.
W'en her husband up an' die
She ain't got no time to cry;

She must work an' nevva stop.
Dere's da babies, dere's da shop,
An' da house dey're leevin' een;
She mus' keep dem fine an' clean—
An' da babies happy, too.
W'at da deuce she gona do?
Som' day I weell show to you;
Som' day you mus' go an' see
How dey play at "Busy Bee."

Com', su'pose eet ees da day
W'en at cleanin' house dey play:
Evra leetla girl weell stan'
Weeth her leetla brush een han',
Leetla bucket, leetla broom,
For to scrub an' sweep da room.
Den weell say dees Pasqualin':
"Leetla bees, I am your queen,
W'en I geeve da word baygeen;
Work an' seeng an' follow me,
Work an' seeng an' lat me see
Who can be da besta bee!"

Den dey laugh an' seeng an' go
Makin' joy weeth labor so

Eet ees done bayfore dey know.
So een all theengs, day by day,
Makin' work so lika play,
Pasqualina found da way!

Com', den, som' day we weell go,
An' you weell be proud to know
  Giacobini's Pasqualin';
An' dose leetla busy bee
W'en dey grow up, you weell see,
  Evra wan hersal' a queen!

WHAT THE FARMER SAW

JOHN D.
Rockefeller, he
Seemed as pleased as pleased could be.
Seen him stop, stoop down an' pass
Long lean fingers through the grass,
Pull 'em out an' smile a smile
Slick as his own Standard Ile;
Them long fingers seemed to hold
Somethin' precious, mebbe gold—
Anyways,
John D.
Rockefeller, he
Seemed as pleased as pleased could be.

Seen him shake his head an' stand
With the treasure in his hand,
Gloatin' on it, figgerin' out
What his find was worth, no doubt,
Turnin' of it 'round an' 'round—
Must 'a' been a pearl he'd found—
Anyways,

John D.
Rockefeller, he
Seemed as pleased as pleased could be.

Snuck up closer, as I passed;
Seen jist what it was at last
That had tickled of him so;
Looked an' seen it plain, but sho!
Blamed thing wusn't much at all—
Nothin' but a golf-game ball!
An' yit
John D.
Rockefeller, he
Seemed as pleased as pleased could be.

THE SIX-O'CLOCK RUSH

COME on! the day's work's done;
Wash up, and off we go!
Say, wait a bit, don't run;
No need to hurry so!
Boats, subways, trolleys, trains,
There's lots of them, you know—
But what about those stains?
Wash up before you go!

Get rid of labor's grime;
Wash up before you go!
Soap, and a little time,
Make hands as white as snow.
Come, make the soapsuds foam!
Remember what you owe
To those who wait at home.
Wash up before you go!

Hands, face—aye! heart and mind,
Wash up before you go!
Leave business cares behind;
In soapsuds let them flow!

That frown, that ugly scowl,
  Don't take that with you! No,
Leave that upon the tow'l—
  Wash up before you go!

THE CHILDLESS WOMAN

WHEN I was but a little tot
And wore a checkered pinafore,
I mothered baby-dolls a lot;
So did my playmate, Emmy Moore.
And yet her brood of make-believes
Was not to be compared with mine—
In all the scenes that memory weaves
Still fresh and fair their faces shine!

I was the prouder mother then,
And, likely, dreamed more dreams than she,
But all my dreams are "might-have-been,"
While all of hers have come to be.
We've both been mated many a year,
And both our heads are growing gray,
But childless now I linger here
And watch her seven out at play.

It cannot be that He who put
The mother-yearning in my soul
Designed forevermore to shut
The gleaming gateway of its goal.

I sometimes think if, quite resigned,
I envy not my playmate's seven,
My dolls, transfigured, I shall find
Within the nurseries of Heaven!

IN A SLEEPER, 10 A.M.

LAZY lady, languid loiterer,
Lying late in "Lower 9,"
You are apt to curse with goitre, or
Something worse, this neck of mine,
Rubbering, rubbering, as I do,
Here across the aisle from you.

We, your curious fellow-travelers,
Left our berths long hours ago;
And we sit here—caustic cavilers—
Wondering why you are so slow.
Now and then the porter, too,
Casts an ebon frown at you.

. . . . .

One thing surely very certain is—
Aye! as plain as any pike—
That behind that dark green curtain is
Some one very lady-like.
Still I'm prophesying through
Nothing but that dainty shoe.

Lazy lady! Won't you hurry now?
  Time is flying on to noon.
It's for me to start to worry now;
  We'll be at my station soon,
And before my journey's through
I would like a glimpse at you.

. . . . . .

Stirring now? Too late! Forever, ma'am,
  Faceless, formless unto me!
Better so, perhaps, for never, ma'am,
  Could you measure up to be
Half so lovely to the view,
Half the queen I fancy you!

DA WISA CHILD

ALL right, I know. All right, signor;
Da same old question like bayfore!
But you are not da only frand
Dat com' to dees peanutta stand
An' look me een da eye an' say:
"Com'! why no gat married, eh?"
To-day com' wan more wise dan you,
Dat mebbe gona halp me, too.

Do you remembra long ago,
W'en first you speaka to me so,
How dat I mak' confess' to you
Dere was two fina girls I knew,
But dat I like dem both so wal
Eet was too hard for me to tal
Wheech wan be besta wife for me?
Wan girl was Angela, and she
Was jus' so pretta as can be;
An' she could seeng so sweet eet mak'
Your hearta jomp so like eet br'ak,
But dat was all dat she could do.
An' den dere was Carlotta, too,

Dat was da verra besta cook,
But had no song or pretta look
Like Angela, but steell was good
For keep da house and carry wood.
An' I was sad dat time, baycause
I want a wife, but steell da laws
Dey would not lat me marry two—
So w'at da deuce I gona do?

An' you—you had no word to say;
But here to me ees com' to-day
A leetla girl, good frand o' mine,
Dat's only eight year old, or nine,
But verra mooch more wise dan you.
An' w'at you s'pose she tal me do?

"Tak' Angela!" she say. "Why not?
Den both of you could pay Carlot'
To carry wood an' cooka too,
An' justa keep da house for you."

PITY THE POOR POET

THE poet burns, the whole night through,
His "midnight oil," to weave a few
Fresh-fashioned stanzas, grave or gay,
Which in the public prints next day
May earn a word of praise from you.

'Tis not an easy thing to do,
When thoughts go lame and rhymes askew;
So, many an imperfect lay
The poet burns.

Small wonder if, for cheer, he brew
That "bracer" (this may be untrue;
I only quote what people say)
Which once drove carking care away
And brought such inspiration to
The poet Burns.

TO IGNACE PADEREWSKI

("I have to speak about a country which is not yours in a language which is not mine."—*Opening words of Paderewski before playing for the Polish Victims' Relief Fund.*)

NOT yours? The softly spoken word
Whose simple native pathos stirred—
As surely as the melodies
You drew divinely from the keys—
The deeps of every soul that heard?
The faltering tongue, the practiced hand,
Whiche'er you use, great-hearted Pole!
You speak what all can understand—
The Language of the Soul.

Not ours? This land of which you tell,
Where Kosciusko fought and fell,
And now a tortured nation stands,
With streaming eyes and empty hands,
Heroic in the face of hell?
Not yours alone this holy ground;
Of one great whole it is a part—
What hills, what sundering seas shall bound
The Country of the Heart?

RUBICAM ROAD

WHERE, in all the wide world, is the loveliest street?
There are millions of roads trod by billions of feet,
And the question, if asked of each traveler you meet,
Will produce a reply of a different mode.
There are many in this unregenerate day
Who will speak for "Fifth avenue," aye, or "Broadway,"
But the fortunate few who are wiser will say:
"It is Rubicam Road!"

O! then sneer, if you will, and make game of our claim;
Aye! and have your rude fling at the old-fashioned name
And the rural aroma that clings to the same.
Yet no beauty so rare ever glimmered and glowed
From the lamps of the tall-towered towns of the world,

Upon streets where humanity jostled and
swirled,
As the beauty that's daily and nightly unfurled
Over Rubicam Road.

Here's a street of the city, yet skirting a wood
Where the town's brazen clamors but seldom
intrude;
"Rus in urbe," indeed with all graces imbued
That old Horace himself might have shrined
in an ode!
For the shadows are coolest, the sun is most
bright,
The queen moon and the stars shed the kind-
liest light,
And the peace is the sweetest that droppeth at
night
Over Rubicam Road.

You will never believe it, and yet it is true!
I can prove it to you, sir—and you, sir—and
you!
You have only to go there and do as I do.
You have simply to go and take up your
abode—

Be the latter as humble and plain as it may—
Where Her kiss in the morning that speeds
you away
Will be drawing you back, at the close of the
day,
Into Rubicam Road.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER

OH, say not that your little son is dead;
The word too harsh and much too hopeless seems,
Believe, instead,
That he has left his little trundle bed
To climb the hills
Of morning, and to share the joy that fills
God's pleasant land of dreams.

Nay, say not that your little son is dead.
It is not right, because it is not true.
Believe, instead,
He has but gone the way that you must tread,
And, smiling, waits
In loving ambush by those pearly gates,
To laugh and leap at you.

No knight that does you service can be dead,
Nor idle is this young knight gone before.

Believe, instead,
Upon an envoy's mission he hath sped
That doth import
Your greatest good; for he at heaven's court
Is your ambassador.

FOR OLD LOVERS

THE sap is bubbling in the tree,
The pink buds herald spring.
Yet winter holds for you and me
One charm to which we cling.
The April sun grows warm by noon,
Its daylight skies are bright;
But the cool evenings bring the boon
Of a wood fire at night.

The greening sod of April days
Is lovely to the eye,
But firmer, lovelier turf is May's
And kindlier glows the sky.
Let striplings to the greenwood go
For April's chill delight,
But we two still shall bless the glow
Of a wood fire at night.

THE LOVE-SONG

YOU often hear me speak of Joe,
Da barber—Joe Baruccio?
An' Giacomo Soldini? He
Ees fruita merchant lika me.
Wal, dey are love da sama signorina.
Dees fallow from da barber shop
He use' for seeng weeth Granda Op',
An' Giacomo, he ees so slow
He was no good at all w'en Joe
Would seeng to her an' play da mandolina.

"Maria mia! days are long
(So made dees fallow Joe hees song),
Baycause dey keepa me so far
From where you are, O! brighta star,
Maria mia!"
An' Giacomo, w'at could he do?
He jus' would say w'en Joe was through:
"Me, too, Maria!"

Dees Joe he deed not care at all,
W'en he would go to mak' hees call,
Eef Giacomo was also near;
He was so proud he deed not fear
Dat anny wan could steal dat signorina.
Deed he not have da sweeta voice
For mak' da female heart rejoice?
But ah! Maria, deed she care
Dat annybody else was dere
To hear heem seeng an' play da mandolina?

"Maria mia! eet ees wrong
(So made dees Joe wan night hees song)
To waste your time weeth two or three
W'en you could be alone weeth me,
Maria mia!"
Poor Giacomo! w'at could he do?
He jus' could say w'en Joe was through:
"Me, too, Maria!"

Maria laugh an' shak' her head;
Her eye ees bright, her cheek ees red.
An' when she rise up from her chair
An' stan bayfore dose lovers dere,
You nevva see so pretta signorina.

"We wasta time," she say, "too long;
So now I, too, weell seeng a song;
An' deesa song dat I weell seeng
Eet ees so verra leetla theeng
I weell not need at all da mandolina:

"'Maria mia!' so you seeng,
But lova-song ain't everatheeng!
So, Joe, good-night! But you—O! stay,
My Giacomo, dat jus' can say:
'Me, too, Maria!'"
Ah! Giacomo, w'at could he do?
He jus' could say, w'en she was through:
"Me? O! Maria!"

WHEN THE MISSUS COOKS

OUR Ellen is an honest cook, though over-
fond of salt;
And having mentioned that I've named her
one important fault.
She's prompt enough with breakfast and her
coffee's always good,
And the Missus says she's never very waste-
ful of the food.
I understand her luncheons are as fine as they
can be,
Though, of course, that's merely hearsay, for
they're seldom served to me.
But though her Sunday dinner is her master-
piece, no doubt,
My fancy flies to Thursday, which is Ellen's
"avenin'" out.

Ah! then the household Juno, stepping down
to charm her Jove,
The finest cook in all the world is at the
kitchen stove.

I've had my share of costly fare that makes
the waistcoats swell,
And I am one that's prone to dine not wisely,
but too well;
I've sampled all the table d'hôtes and à la
cartes on earth,
I've tasted all the banquets and I know just
what they're worth,
But when I yearn to stuff myself to apoplectic
gout,
My fancy flies to Thursday, which is Ellen's
"avenin'" out.

RICHES

IF we are poor and do not know
The numerous delights that flow
From horns of plenty choked with gold,
We lack as well the cares untold
That hand in hand with riches go.

We have our home wherein, although
The outer world be white with snow,
We keep our hearts from growing cold,
If we *are* poor.

We can't go in for pomp and show,
But here are She and I, and O!
That dimpled little One-year-old!
Love's riches here are manifold.
Dear Lord, we pray Thee keep us so,
If *we* are poor.

SINGLE PHILOSOPHY

ALLA time you say, "Why don't you marry?"
Now, I gona speaka plain to you:
I won't nevva marry; no, sir, nevva!
For eet ees not healthy theeng to do.

How I know? Signor, eet's verra seemple.
I been single fallow all my life,
An' so long I'm strong an' wal an' happy
W'ata for I bother weeth a wife?
I ain't mak' so moocha playnta money,
Steell I gotta 'nough for all I need,
An' I don'ta want no woman bossa
Keeckin' at mos' evra theeng I deed.
Eh? You theenk som' time I weesh be married?
Sure! jus' once dat weesh ees com' to me.
Lasta month I gat som' kinda fever,
An' I am so seeck as I can be.
Eet ees pretta tough for single fallow
W'en he's feelin' verra seeck een bed,

An' he would be glad eef som' good woman
  Lay her softa hand upon hees head.
My! I felt so bad, signor, I tal you—
  Eet's da truth I speak, you bat my life!—
Eef mos' anny woman com' an' ask me
  I would tak' her den for be my wife!

Wat? O! no, I'm stronga now an' better—
  Eh? I am su'prise' you cannot see;
Only w'en I'm seeck I theenk for marry,
  So eet ees not healthy thing for me.

THE ACE TO HIS QUEEN

MY biplane, taking
The faint light breaking
Through pink clouds, foamy
Where dawn comes creeping,
Swings 'round through Heaven,
Times seven-times-seven—
A heaven duller
Of warmth and color
Than that below me
Where thou art sleeping!

A sky-hung warden,
Above thy garden,
In circles swinging
Times out of number,
I await the hour
Of dawn's full flower,
When, sinking nearer
That Heaven so dearer,
My motor's singing
Shall break thy slumber.

My motor's humming
Shall tell my coming,
  Ere thou canst even
    My form discover;
Oh, then, my lady!
Be up and ready,
And, while Time lingers,
With kiss on fingers,
  Lean out from Heaven
    And pay thy lover!

THE CAGED BIRD

GIACOMO SARPATTI, lasta spreeng,
Catcha seengin' bird upon a bush;
Freckles on da breast an' browna wing—
How you call een Anglaice langwadge?
"Thrush?"
Een Italia "tordo" ees da word;
Eet ees verra pretta seengin' bird.

Wal, he maka fina cage for eet,
An' eet's een hees yard all summer long;
Early evra morn eet seenga sweet,
Sweeta, too, da evenings weeth eets song.
"Ah!" he say, "so long my bird ees seeng,
Alla time for me eet ees da spreeng."

"W'en da weenter com'," say Giacomo,
"Een my warma keetchen I no care;
I weell nevva mind da frost an' snow,
For my bird weell maka summer dere.
Pretta soon I gona tak' heem een;
Jus' so soon da colda nights baygeen."

But he wait, dees Giacomo, too long!
Out dere een da yard hees bird could see
Manny theengs dat mak' heem stop hees song;
He could see all othra birds dat's free
Flyin' down da sky eento da Sout',
An' dere was no music een hees mout'.

Een da yard I see da cage to-day,
But dere ees no bird een eet no more!
"W'at ees dees?" I ask heem, an' he say:
"O! I jus' forgot to shut da door."
W'en I laugh, he growl an' tal me: "Hal!
I know justa how eet feel mysal'."

CIDER

LAS' night Frost wuz purt' nigh here;
  Seen his tracks at break o' day.
Ole Mount Poke stands out real clear,
  Though he's eighteen mile away.
Flapjacks tasted comfortin',
  Coffee never drunk so good;
Sure signs winter's settin' in
  Round about this neighborhood.
Yet this wagon I'm a-drivin'
  Down the holler, up the hill,
Holds a load o' things thet's hivin'
  Most o' summer's honey still;
  Thar'll be two, three bar'ls to fill—
Mebbe more—when we're arrivin'
  At the Cider Mill.

Apples fine, but nothin' like
  Old times. Seems ter me somehow
When I was a little tike
  They wuz plentif'ler than now;
Sweeter, too, they wuz, them days,
  An' the new juice of 'em went

Slicker down my throat. Leastways
Thar wuz somethin' different,
Winesap, Spy, Bellflower an' Pippin,
All as one then to my tongue;
Long as thar wuz honey drippin'
From press-spout or bar'l bung
I jes' clung an' sucked an' clung,
Sipped an' sipped an' kept on sippin'—
Thet's when I wuz young.

Sweets like thet hez lost their power.
Nowadays I often say:
"Sweet hain't sweet until it's sour,"
Cider strikes me jest that way.
Leastways here's a truth I hold
From my own exper'encin':
'Taint new cider, but the old,
Gits ye feelin' young agin.
Take yer fill o' fresh juice, sonny;
I don't want a single drop.
But when it gits actin' "funny,"
Sizzin'-like an' bubblin' up,
Like bees buzzin' in the cup,
Leavin' stingers in the honey,
Lemme have a sup!

WISHES

SOM'TIMES, w'en beezaness ees bad
An' I am sad,
I weesh I was not born at all,
Or dat I could be w'at-you-call
A "domb theeng," like a stona wall;
Dat cannot speak or see or hear,
Or hope or fear!

I s'pose, my frand, you nevva gat
So bad as dat;
I s'pose, baycause you do so wal,
You always weesh to be yoursal'.
You nevva say, like me, "O! hal!
I am no good; I weesh I might
Drop outa sight!"

Mos' times I weesh dat I could be
Som' kind of tree;
For I could be alive an' steell
Not have to work for evra meal,
An' weenter cold I would not feel—
An' I could mak' more pleasure, too,
Dan now I do.

All summer, cool would be da shade
My branches made
With greena leaves dat I would wear,
An' birds would com' an' seenga dere.
Den een da fall, w'en I was bare,
I would not have to do a theeng
But sleep teell spreeng!

IN PRAISE OF SCRAPPLE

OUT upon your gibes ironic!
You who've never known the tonic
Toothsomeness of savory scrapple
Dare to judge it? Well, I never!
When no morsel of it ever
Greased your graceless Adam's apple.

When the northwest wind is blowing,
Sharp enough for frost or snowing,
And the days of muggy weather
Have departed altogether,
All our husbandmen are getting
Butcher knives laid out for whetting,
And some morning with the dawn
Comes the porcine slaughter on.
Let's not morbidly be dealing
With the scuffling and the squealing,
But, the gruesome parts deleting,
Get us to the joys of eating.
Well, then, when hog-killing's through
This is what the housewives do:

Clean a pig's head, nicely, neatly,
Boil till meat leaves bones completely.
When it's cold remove all greases,
Chop meat into little pieces;
Put the liquor and the meat
Back again upon the heat,
Slowly stirring cornmeal in
Till it is no longer thin.
Pepper, salt and sage they bring
For its proper seasoning.
When the mess is thick and hot
It is lifted from the pot,
Poured then into pans to mold
And so left until it's cold.
So ends Chapter I.
The sequel
Is a breakfast without equal!

Come! it is a nippy morning,
Frosty lace, the panes adorning,
Takes the sun from many angles
And the windows glow with spangles.
From the kitchen range are rising
Odors richly appetizing;

Paradise is in the skillet,
For the scrapple slices fill it,
And each flour-encrusted piece
Smiling in its fragrant grease
Takes a coat of golden tan
From the ardor of the pan.
Crisp and brown the outer crust, oh!
Food to rouse the gourmand's gusto
From your platter gives you greeting;
Truly this is royal eating!

Out upon your gibes ironic!
You who've never known the tonic
  Toothsomeness of savory scrapple,
Dare to judge it? Well, I never!
May no morsel of it ever
  Grease your graceless Adam's apple!

PLEASURES OF THE POOR

OH, what I like's a touring car,
A comfy, headache-curing car,
A wholly reassuring car
That takes you from your door,
And whirls you through proximity
To absolute sublimity,
With perfect equanimity,
A hundred miles or more;
That whisks you through the scenery,
Of wooded slope and greenery,
And drops you at a beanery
Where millionaires are fed;
Then out into the night again
To storm a fairy height again,
And revel in the flight again,
Before it's home to bed.
Oh, then, in kneeling attitude,
With many a pious platitude
I raise a prayer of gratitude
For friends more rich than I.

Such motoring! I'll say for it
I'm ready any day for it,
Since I don't have to pay for it—
The best of reasons why!

THE FAT MAN YEARNS

THOUGH I've had my share of the pleasure that men in a lifetime taste,
And my chin is of double measure, and I'm rather thick in the waist,
There's a joy Time cannot smother—though the years have laid it away—
It was lugging the basket for mother, on the Saturday market day.

On a frosty morn in December, with the holidays near at hand,
Oh, the market that I remember was a regular fairyland!
When the boisterous winds were icy and eager to nip the nose,
All the odors about were spicy, and each cabbage became a rose;
And the things that are often dull, or but commonplace things to see,
Were a perfect riot of color and light and beauty to me,

As we stopped at one or another of the stalls
that were on our way,
When I carried the basket for mother on the
Saturday market day.

Oh! I didn't growl at the number or weight
of the things I bore,
For I knew that I'd soon encumber my ribs
with their share—or more;
That the sausage and sirloin and scrapple and
other rich morsels would throng
On the heels of the juicy red apple I munched
as I shuffled along.
But if now I could once be repeating that
long-vanished journey of joy—
Though I'm fond, just as fond of good eating
as ever I was as a boy—
I would let my old appetite smother, and take
but a kiss for my pay,
Could I carry the basket for mother on next
Saturday market day!

DA LEETLA DOCTOR

"W'EN I am beeg," says he—
Dat leetla keed of mine—
"Gran' doctor I weell be,
An' Oh, so smart an' fine
You weell be proud of me;
W'en I am beeg," says he.

"You beeg enough," she say—
Hees madre, dat's my wife—
"I like you deesa way;
Eef only all your life
Like deesa you could stay!
You beeg enough," she say.

"You are too beeg," I cry.
"You crowd your madre's heart,
Eef you grow more, oh my!
You bust eet all apart!
No room dere now have I;
You are too beeg," I cry.

"W'en I am beeg," says he,
"I feex all dat for you.
Eef hearts can bust, you see
Dey can be menda, too!
Gran' doctor I weell be
W'en I am beeg," says he.

A SONG FOR NOVEMBER

A GRAY old hag, in cloak and hood
Of somber gray,
Gleaning gray twigs and bits of wood
At close of day,
November creeps across the land
Yet magic gifts are in her hand—
Her fagots cold need but a spark
And hearth-stone room,
And warmth of June from out the dark
Will burst to bloom.

Of foster-mothers tenderest,
Close-harboring
Earth's sleeping seeds within her breast
Until the spring,
Let gray November clasp the land.
Yet from her lean but kindly hand
Let us, dear heart, her fagots take,
And on this stone
A warm and cheery June-time make;
Our own, our own!

TO A SANDWICHMAN

IN languid, after-luncheon mood,
To-day I watched you in the throng.
My mild, appraising eye pursued
The crude incitements unto food
Upon the signs you bore along.

"Big Oyster Stews" and "Six Large Raw"
And "Pepper-hash and Crackers Free"
Upon your swaying signs I saw,
And marveled that your drooping jaw
So lean and lantern-like should be.

Ah! brother, when the evening bell
Rings curfew to this toil of thine,
I hope one stew, warm, rich of smell
And grateful to the tongue, may dwell
Betwixt thy wishbone and thy spine!

FIRESIDE DREAMS

AN old colonial fire-place!
What memories cling around it!
Such quaint carved frame, such hallowed stone,
I'd often dreamed that I might own,
And now at last I've found it.

It graced a sporting squire's hall—
Those pegs once held his rifle—
Long years before the sordid clown,
Who bought the mansion, tore it down
And sold this for a trifle.

He was, in truth, a sordid wretch
This clod who took my money.
"I wonder why folks get so daft
About such junk," he said and laughed,
As though he thought it funny.

Poor wretch, indeed! What soul had he
To conjure up the spirit

Of kindly cheer and olden grace
That once endowed that fire-place,
And still is hovering near it?

But I, who've starved in rented flats,
How could I help but love it?
And so I've stored my prize away
Against the coming of that day
When I'll be master of it.

And you, my friends, you, too, shall bless
The happy day I found it,
For I'll invite you all to call
As soon as I've the wherewithal
To build a house around it.

SINCE PATSY SHAY'S A SCOUT

I USETER run wit' Patsy Shay
W'en him an' I wuz small,
But since he's got religion, say!
He's proud as hellenall!
Dey wuz a time w'en him an' I
Wuz twins in dese here scenes,
An' useter rob, an' cuss, an' lie,
Like reg'lar human bein's.
W'en him an' I wuz nine or so
We owned de world, we did,
But den somebody had ter go
An' spoil de bloomin' kid;
An' now he never chums wit' me
Or shows up hereabout—
Oh, things ain't like dey useter be
Since Patsy Shay's a scout.

Four years ago, w'en we wuz eight,
We up an' run away,
An' watched a chanct ter hop a freight
Ter see de U. S. A.

We made it up ter go out West—
  Where bears an' cowboys grew
An' Indians an' all the rest—
  An' we'd of done it, too;
But some one must of told a cop
  About our little game,
Because he come an' made us stop—
  Gee! Wuzn' 'at a shame?
We said w'en we wuz twelve we meant
  Ter go, wit'out a doubt,
But now de time has came an' went—
  An' Patsy Shay's a scout!

I seen dis Patsy yisterd'y,
  A-marchin' past our court.
An' hully chee! he seemed ter be
  A reg'lar Christian sport.
A soldier hat wuz on 'is bean,
  An' big shoes on 'is feet
An' all de fixin's in between
  Wuz fancy an' complete;
A kid's-size suit o' army clo'es,
  A watch stuck on 'is wrist,
A hankercher ter blow 'is nose—
  Oh, nothin' wuzn' missed.

He useter be my chum, but, say,
De worl's toined inside out,
An' now he seems so fur away
Since Patsy Shay's a scout.

I wouldn' mind if some one come
An' made me Christian, too.
Dis life I lead is purty bum;
I'm game fur som'pin new.
I hear dese guys is out fur coin,
An' if dey raise enough
I guess a lot o' kids will join
Dat onct wuz mighty tough.
I ain't a-sayin' I'll be one;
I'm twelve years old, yer see,
An' I ain't on'y jist begun
To feel me oats, b'chee!
But if dey git some coin to spend
An' want ter fit me out,
I'll try ter be deir little friend—
Since Patsy Shay's a scout.

FORTISSIMO

MY frand, you have been kind
To me een manny way.
You tal me I weell find
Da gooda wife som' day;
"Som' girl weell com' along,"
You say, "an' smile on you—
Dat's her!" But som'theeng's wrong;
Eet ain'ta comin' true.

I am afraid I need
Som' othra kind of sign
Dat I can easy read
An' know da girl ees mine.
Eef only dere would be
Som' seemple kind of treeck
For know she's mash weeth me
I sure would grab her queeck!

Eh? Sure, you bat my life!
Dere's som' have smiled; but w'en
I ask: "You be my wife?"
Dey start to smile agen.

You theenk dat pleasa me
An' mak' me glad an' proud?
Ah! no, my frand; you see,
Dey smile too blama loud!

APPLYING THE SERMON

"O THE pastor'd a sermon was splendid this mornin',"
Said Nora O'Hare,
"But there's some in the parish that must have had warnin'
An' worshiped elsewhere;
But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin',
Troth, then, it is quare!"

"'There are women,' sez he, 'an' they're here in this parish,
An' plentiful, too,
Wid their noses so high an' their manners so airish,
But virtues so few
'Tis a wonder they can't see how much they resemble
The proud Pharisee.
Ye would think they'd look into their own souls an' tremble
Such sinners to be.

Not at all! They believe themselves better than others,
An' give themselves airs
Till the pride o' them strangles all virtues, an' smothers
The good o' their prayers.'

"That's the way he wint at them, an', faith, it was splendid—
But wasted, I fear,
Wid the most o' the women for whom 'twas intended,
Not there for to hear.
An' thinks I to meself, walkin' home, what a pity
That Mary Ann Hayes
An' Cordelia McCann should be out o' the city
This day of all days.

"But, indeed, 'twas a glorious sermon this mornin'," Said Nora O'Hare,

"Though I'm sorry that some o' the parish had warnin'
An' worshiped elsewhere;
But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin',
Troth, then, it is quare!"

ALONG THE WISSAHICKON

THE red and gold and silver haze
Of early Indian summer days
Along the Wissahickon!
Dan Cupid, could there ever be
A likelier place on land or sea
Wherein to plan your Arcady
And let your love plots thicken?
There earliest stirred the feet of spring,
There summer dreamed on drowsy wing!
And autumn's glories longest cling
Along the Wissahickon.

On winter nights ghost-music plays
(The bells of long-forgotten sleighs)
Along the Wissahickon,
And many a silver-headed wight
Who drove that pleasant road by night
Sighs now for his old appetite
For waffles hot and chicken.
And grandmas now, who then were belles!

How many a placid bosom swells
At thought of love's old charms and spells
Along the Wissahickon.

You, Gloriana, you who know
The word, low spoken long ago,
Along the Wissahickon,
The word that was the golden key
To ope the gates of Arcady
For one man. Come! and walk with me
Where sweetest memories quicken,
That once again the charms that brood
Through all the sylvan solitude
May bless the wooer and the wooed—
Along the Wissahickon.

DA POSTA-CARD FROM NAPOLI

SO, you gon' sail for Italy?
Ah, fine!—W'at can you do for me?
Oh, notheeng, please; I don'ta care—
I weesh you joy while you are dere,
An' I'll be glad for see you w'en
Da sheep ees breeng you home agen—
Eh? No! Oh, please don't sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli!

Oh, yes, wan time da letter-man
Breeng soocha card to deesa stan';
Eet was from gentleman like you
Dat wanted to be kinda, too.
Eet showed da town, da bay—but, oh,
I deed not need; so wal I know!
Ah! no, please don'ta sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli.

Oh, wal, Signor, you are so kind,
So good to me, I would no mind
Eef you would send me wan from Rome.
Eh? Rome? No, dat ees not my home.

Deed I not joost esplain to you
I weell no care w'at else you do
So long you don'ta sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli?

SONG OF THE SCUTTLE

(After Eugene Field)

OH, ye who are fond of music (and some of you may recall
Field's "clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall"),
I challenge ye all to name me a song of a rarer tone
Than here in my cozy kitchen I know for my very own.
I grant you your harps or fiddles, your symphony bands or jazz,
Or the latest vocalization that Gluck or McCormack has;
You may take 'em for me and welcome, for nothing on earth compares
With the rattle of coal in the scuttle that Mom drags up the stairs!

A helpless creature is Mother. She bothers me quite a bit
And routs me out of the comfy chair in the kitchen where I sit

To get her the tallow candle from its place
on the cellarway shelf—
For Mother is thin and little and couldn't
reach it herself—
And then there's the trouble to light it. But
when that trick is done
And I settle back by the fire the reward of
my labor's won,
For up from the depths of the cellar ascends
the sweetest of airs—
'Tis the rattle of coal in the scuttle that Mom
drags up the stairs.

The bucket in which she gathers the nuggets
that may be found
Along the tracks of the Reading emits but a
wooden sound,
And her day-long comings and goings I
scarcely notice at all
For her feet in wrappings of burlap go softly
along the hall;
But when in the winter twilight arises a
treble clear
It stirs me here in my corner to cock up a
drowsy ear

To catch the delightful music so soothing to
all my cares—
The rattle of coal in the scuttle that Mom
drags up the stairs.

Time was, when the carbon nuggets were
easy to get and keep,
The song of the brimful scuttle had a bass
note full and deep,
But then Mom handled a shovel instead of
a tablespoon,
And now there's a dwindling treble in the
half-filled scuttle's tune.
Yet here by the kitchen fire, I dare you to
name me a song
To play on my tender emotions and get to
me half so strong
As the one that finds me drowsing, sprawled
out on the kitchen chairs—
The rattle of coal in the scuttle that Mom
drags up the stairs.

IN FRANCE

Sergeant Mack:

WE'RE done wid the thransport. Thank Heaven we're here!
But wid all the sea-trampin' we've lately been havin',
Sure the feet on the end o' me pins are still queer,
An' I feel like a mule wid the string-halt an' spavin.
An' the scenes at the dock! Such a murtherin' clatter;
There was ructions enough to be raisin' the dead!
I was proud of our outfit, but what was the matter
Wid Pete Malatest'? Was he out of his head?

Corporal Aroni:

Oh, Sarj', eet was funny. You know w'en we lan'
An' our fallows was movin' deir theengs on da dock,

We was watchin' dat smart engineer capitan
Dat was bossin' da gang weeth da tackle an' block.
Malatest' he was wan dat was peecked for dat job,
An' I know he was tryin' for doin' hees best,
But you see he ees clumsiest kind of a slob,
An' he alla time got een da way of da rest.
Den dat smart engineer, dat's so quiet bay-fore,
He joosta start een an' he swear lika hal.
An' dees Pete Malatest', w'en de capitan swore,
He looked een hees face an' he lat out a yal;
An' he put hees two han's on da capitan's chest,
An' he smiled weetha joy. Den I hearda heem say:
"You are Meester Jeem Newell, I worked weeth out West;
I joost deed not know teell you swore dat ole way;

But so soon as you deed I was sure eet was
you,
For I worked weetha you on da P. D. & Q!"
Dey was railaroad men in Wyoming, you see!
An' da capitan, too, was so pleased as could be,
An' he shooka Pete's han'; an' Pete looka
so please'
I thought he was sure gona geeve heem a
keess.
But he said: "Eet was joosta like home w'en
you swore—
Oh, Meester Jeem Newell, please do eet som'
more!"

THE TREASURE BOX

AH! here's the box! And there's his baby shoe;
And there his little christening robe and cap!
I mind that springtime Sunday long ago
They brought him back and laid him in my lap.

He was a stirring youngster, and his feet
Outgrew no shoes that weren't first outworn.
I mind that day he ran out in the street,
And it a bare twelve months since he was born.

'Twas flags was in it then, and fifes and drums;
A passing band of lads that fought with Spain.
Flags always called him so. * * * How plainly comes
My last sight of him marching to the train!

And here's the box, with all his baby things;
And here's another treasure it must hold—
The last flag and his own! The flag that brings
His glory home! O little star of gold!

DA VOICE DA GERMANS MEESSED

GIUSEPPE SCALABRELLA ees re-
turna from da war,
An' soocha happy Dagoman you nevva see
bayfore.
He tooka playnta hands weeth heem w'en
first he start away,
But he ees only gotta wan for workin' weeth
to-day.
He walked upon a coupla legs bayfore da war
began,
But now he's gotta crutcha-steeck for tak'
da place of wan.
Giuseppe Scalabrella ees so glad as he can
be;
You oughta hear da happy songs dat he ees
seeng for me.

Giuseppe was a laborman dat use' for deeg
da tranch
Bayfore he go weeth Oncla Sam for halp to
save da French;

He was wan fina laborman bayfore he went
to war,
But now he sure ees nevva gona deega tranch
no more.
You theenk dat dees would mak' heem joost
so sad as he could be—
But you should hear da happy songs dat he
ees seeng for me.

He nevva chirped bayfore, but now he don'ta
do a theeng
But seet aroun' da house an' seeng, an' seeng,
an' seeng, an' seeng!
"I tal you, Tony, how eet ees," he say to me
to-day;
"Da firsta battle I am een dey shoot my hand
away;
An' w'en I was een hospital da time eet was
so long,
I could no read, an' so you see I busted eento
song.
I don'ta know da way eet com', but eet's so
easy—See?"
An' den you should a hear da happy songs
he seeng for me!

"W'en I am wal agen," he say, "dey said I could no fight,
But steell I went for more—an' dat's da time I got eet right!
Dey shoot me een da lefta leg—an look da way I am.
But all da time een hospital I seeng my songs, by dam!
An' evrabody com' an' say: 'How wondraful ees he!'"
An' den you shoulda hear da happy songs he seeng for me.

"An' joost bayfore dey sand me home, my capitan he said:
'I s'pose you theenk da way you're treemmed you might as wal be dead,
But Oncla Sam ees feex eet so he gona find a trade
For evra crippled soldier, so you need no be afraid;
You no can deeg da tranch no more, but steell you should rayjoice
Baycause dose damma Germans deed no shoot you een da voice!'

Da 'Merican Caruso now, you see, I gona be!"
An' den you shoulda hear da happy songs he seeng for me.

ROSA'S CURIOSITY

MY frand, you like for buy a hat?
Fine greena seelka wan I gat,
Weeth redda, whita feathah een.
So styleesh hat you nevva seen!
Eh? No? Too bad! for eef you do,
I sal eet pretta cheap to you.
Where deed I gat? Wal, eef you pleass,
I tal to you. Ees lika dees:

My Rosa—dat's my girl, you know—
She alla time ees tease me so
An' aska dees an' dat, for try
An' guess w'at prasant I am buy
For geeve to her on Chrees'mas Day;
But alla time I laugh an' say:
"No! No! eet ees su'prise for you,
An' eet ees gona pleass you, too.
I have eet bought an' put away
For keep for you teell Chrees'mas Day."
She stamp da foot an' say: "O! my,
You tease me so you mak' me cry.

You are so mean as you can be
Baycause you weell no tal to me."
My frand, she coax so lika dat
At las' I say: "Eet eesa hat!"
O! den, my frand, for sure she cry,
An' look so sad an' say: "O! why
You tal me w'at eet gona be?
I want eet be su'prise for me.
You just are wan beeg, seelly theeng—
Baysides, I theenk eet be a reeng."
Ha! w'at you theenka dat, my frand?
Dese girls ees hard for ondrastand.
So, queeck I say: "Eet ees no true;
I justa maka joke weeth you."
So now, you see, I musta gat
A reeng eenstead for deesa hat;
An' den, how mooch she coax an' tease,
I weell no tal her w'at eet ees.
But here ees steell da hat! O! pleass,
My frand, eef eet should be you meet
Som'body walkin' on da street
Dat look for buy da styleesh hat,
I have da cheap wan he can gat.

IN PRAISE OF ST. STEPHEN

HERE'S the feast o' St. Stephen,
This Christmas Day's morrow,
An' it's past all believin'
The comfort I borrow
At the thought of him there
In the cold mornin' air,
An' meself steppin' back to a world full o' sorrow.

For with all the soft beauty
O' Christmas behind ye,
When it's back to cold duty
This day has consigned ye,
Faith, there's need of the aid
Of a saint unafraid
To withstand the blue devils that's likely to find ye.

Tall and bright is the miter
O' Stephen, the martyr;
A knight and a fighter
By Christ the Lord's charter.

And it's well if ye stand
Within touch of his hand
In a world that is given to traffic and barter.

Lucky you, if ye're wearin'
This saint's nomenclature,
For, belike, ye'll be sharin'
His valorous nature;
For there's none of his name
In the pages o' fame
That was anything less than a two-fisted crayture.

So upon this gray mornin',
In hope o' receivin'
His good help in the scornin',
O' groanin' and grievin',
Here's the ballad I raise
In the merited praise
Of the worshipful martyr and fighter, St. Stephen!

DA PUP EEN DA SNOW

DEED you evra see Joy
Gona wild weeth delight,
Jus' so lika small boy
W'en som' brighta new toy
Mak's heem crazy excite'?
You would know w'at I mean
Eef you jus' coulda seen—
Not so long time ago—
How my leetla fat pup
Ees first play een da snow.

O! I scream an' I roar
An' so shaka weeth laughtra,
Dat my sides dey are sore
For mos' three-four days aftra.
An' how mooch I would try,
I no speak weeth sooch skeell
I could put een your eye
W'at ees fresh een mine steell:
How dat leetla pup romp
All aroun' da whole place,

How he bark, how he jomp
An' fall down on hees face;
How he fight, how he bite
An' ees tumble aroun',
Teell hees cover' weeth white
Lik a leetla fat clown;
W'at su'prise fill hees eyes
W'en he see da flakes sail,
How he bark at da skies,
How he chasa hees tail.

O! I weesh I could show
How ees looka, dat pup,
How he puff an' he blow
W'en hees leecked by da snow
An' ees gotta geeve up.
An' I sposa, no doubt,
You would say I am fibbin'
W'en I say hees tongue's out
Lika yarda peenk ribbon—
O! how mooch I would try,
I no speak weeth sooch skeell
I could put een your eye
W'at's so fresh een mine steell.

But I weesh you had been
Where you, too, coulda seen
  W'at delighta me so—
How my leetla fat pup
  Ees first play een da snow!

TO AN AUTHOR

LAST night at last I found a chance
To dip into your new romance.
The night was wild without, but fair
This valley of my easy chair;
As, with your book, I settled there
Before the cheery grate,
The clock struck eight.

I read the opening chapter through,
And after that I never knew—
Nor cared, indeed—how fared the night
Beyond those borders of delight
Wherein my spirit winged its flight;
For other ears, not mine,
The clock struck nine.

The while your book was in my hands
My soul sojourned in other lands,
But then, ah! then—I cannot tell
Just what it was that broke the spell.
Perhaps it was the book that fell—
I woke, and, sakes alive!
The clock struck five.

ONE OF US

HE comes again! His rough-shod feet
Familiar here, in field and street,
Have led him back to tread once more
The paths he knew before the war.
The tasks that he takes up again
Are humble now, as they were then;
But, look you! on his swarthy brow
There shines a new-won glory now.
He craves no favor, makes no plea,
But this his proper speech might be:

"I speak not Anglaice verra wal;
But while I was away, een Hal,
I deed som' leetla theeng or two
Dat made me mooch more lika you.
Dere was a time you call me 'Wop.'
But now I ask you, please, to stop.
My tongue ees Wop, but—God be thank'!—
My hands an' heart an' soul ees Yank!"

TO A RICH MAN

WHAT worries me and makes me blue
May seem a little thing to you;
But then, you see, you have a lot
Of cash and bonds, perhaps a yacht—
Your bills are paid, but mine are due.

You say you have your troubles, too;
A jaded heart, a jaundiced view
Of life? Thank heaven that is not
What worries me!

My heart trips light, my wife's beats true;
We pluck life's roses, not its rue.
And so when next you ask me what
My worries are, what cares I've got,
I'll answer you with courage new:
"What? Worries? Me?!"

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Daly, Thomas Augustine
McAroni ballads, and other verses

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